SOUTH AMERICA'S THIRD CITY

MUSEUM OF YPIRANGA

FOR RAPID growth and development, Sao Paulo, Brazil, stands almost preeminent among the cities of the world. Founded in 1554 by Jesuit priests under Father Jose de Anchieta, the "Apostle of South America," the city had only 5,000 inhabitants in the year 1816. In 1832 the white population amounted to about 15,000 in the whole municipality, and in 1850 there was scarcely any change in the figures. But after 1875, which is to say after railways began to penetrate the fertile interior and the great development of coffee culture opened the way to white immigration, there was a series of leaps in the number of inhabitants: In 1872 Sao Paulo had 23,000 inhabitants; in 1890, 65,000; in 1893, 134,000; in 1900, 240,000; in 1910, 375,000, and in 1915, 500,000, says Miss J. Elwin Elliott in the Pan-American Magazine.

Between 1890 and 1900 Sao Paulo arose from her position of a pleasant but practically stagnant town, waking to extraordinary activity; she transformed her outward appearance, practically rebuilding the old city, laying out new areas of streets and repaving the old ones; presently she reformed her water supplies, constructed a splendid system of sanitation, and today stands in beauty of edifices (public and private), avenues and city streets, civic cleanliness and order, among the first cities of the Americas. She comes third in size among South American cities, with Buenos Aires first and Rio de Janeiro second.

For the year 1916 the revenues of Sao Paulo are calculated at about 9,000 contos, which at the rate of exchange prevailing at the end of 1915 is the equivalent in United States money of about $2,250,000.

City expenditures are high, because Sao Paulo has employed large sums in creating a beautiful and well-kept city, clean, healthy, with fine public service. To perform all this work—and most of it has been done within the last dozen years—she has incurred a city debt of nearly $4,000,000 United States currency, an amount far from excessive in view of her wealth and future prospects as a growing center of development. Under the control of broad-minded prefeitos (mayors) of the city a great amount of boldly conceived improvement work has been done; the name of Paul Souza is among these makers of Sao Paulo, his work being followed by that of the famous Paulista, Conselheiro Antonio Prado, to whom both state and city owe much. The present prefeito, Dr. Washington Luiz, is a fine representative son of Sao Paulo, energetic, farseeing, capable; he has done more than any other head of the city to purify it morally and physically, and while laying stresses upon strict economy he has not hesitated to go ahead with certain civic improvements which will add much to the grace of the city.

Rapid Growth of Business.

The greatest source of revenue of Sao Paulo city is that obtained by the taxes levied upon "industries and professions." The greatest yield in this long list is that from factories, and the growth of income is significant of the quick development of Sao Paulo as a business center. In the year 1907 the taxes upon industries and professions yielded less than 2,000 contos of reis, while in 1911 they brought in 2,600 contos, or nearly half of the total city income. In 1913 the amount yielded had risen to over 3,000 contos of reis; in 1915 to 3,447 contos, out of a total revenue of about 8,661 contos. It may be calculated that this tax always brings in over 40 per cent of the city income.

Examining this list of contributing industries, professions and commerce, one finds that banks and banking agencies pay together, some $37,000 a year; shoe factories contribute $8,000, and shoe stores rather less; ironworks pay nearly $7,000; furniture factories and sellers bring in another $8,000; goldsmiths and jewel workers about the same amount; matchfactories pay over $4,000; druggists about $6,000; sawmills, $6,000; cotton factories, nearly $12,000; jute factories, $8,000; and potteries another $8,000.

The biggest items in the expenditures of the city of Sao Paulo are those for public service, including upkeep of parks and gardens and municipal cleaning; all this work is splendidly performed, the city being quite one of the best kept on the western hemisphere. Nearly $1,000,000 a year is thus spent.

Large Foreign Element.

Sao Paulo, in common with all South American cities of importance, has a large foreign business element; the English and French have a strong hold on finance, have done a great deal of construction work, and own some powerful commercial houses representing large investments. The Italians are generally represented in the industrial element and small commercial enterprises, although there are also some great Italian fortunes here; Germans long ago entered in commerce, banking and agriculture, and there has been especially since the European war began, an increasing commercial interest on the part of North Americans in Sao Paulo.

However, it must not be imagined that as has happened in some parts of Latin America, enterprise is in the hands of foreigners alone; the Paulista himself worked to make his state great, has constructed splendid railways, built roads and bridged rivers, developed huge plantations, created great commercial houses, is operating fine banks, and altogether is as keen an international trader as his brother from Europe.

"During my residence here," said one of the foreigners to the writer in the beginning of 1916, "I have twice seen the population of Sao Paulo double itself. I should not be surprised to see the same thing happen again in the course of the next ten years" with the pastoral development of the huge interior regions to which this city is the door. The modern Sao Paulo has been built within the last quarter of a century, and although the impetus given by the rise of the coffee industry was the great moving power, yet it has been greatly supplemented by the expansion of manufacturing in or near the city."

"Do you expect to see this factory extension continue?"

"Certainly. Remember that this is the greatest manufacturing center of all Brazil, and that we can ship our goods into every state in the Brazilian union and states to a total population of over 22,000,000 people, even if we do not take into account the markets of other South American countries."

Fine Place to Live in.

"It is a healthy city, a place where the white man can live and rear a big, healthy family," said one business man. "That is one great point. Then take its extraordinary situation with regard to the flow of commerce: Sao Paulo is the natural outlet not only for all the products of the rich interior of Sao Paulo State, the coffee, cattle, cereals and forest produce, but it is the door for the huge expanse of Mato Grosso, Goyaz and a great part of Minas Geraes, even if we do not count upon our railway connection with the three most southern states.

"I see Sao Paulo as the center of a great network of spreading lines all of which bring agricultural and mineral products to this great point of distribution. Within a radius of 200 miles of Sao Paulo there are 8,000,000 people.

"We have a great deal to be proud of in Sao Paulo. I am not speaking only for our achievements in making the city convenient and beautiful, for any visitor can see for himself our fine colleges, hospitals, government buildings, splendid residences, evergreen parks; he can ride on our 240 kilometers of street railway, visit the Municipal theater and the museum at Ypiranga, go out to beautiful suburban districts and visit over 300 factories, and he will still miss the spirit that has made Sao Paulo great if he does not reflect in what a short space of time all this has been accomplished, and in what a daring attitude of trust for the future. The Paulista has planned for his children boldly and lavishly."

High Cost of a Stage Career.

Tank Beverly figures that the labor, care and attention necessary to the training of a pig for stage purposes would, if properly applied, produce 1,000,000 pounds of bacon, 400,000 hams and a proportionate amount of sausage and leaf lard.—Topeka Capital.

Angela's Marriage

By HAROLD CARTER

(Copyright, 1916, by W. G. Chapman.)

Angela stood in the mother superior's room in the Canadian convent reading the letter. Her eyes were blinded with tears, and it was with difficulty that she could make out her father's writing.

"How can I marry a man whom I have never seen?" asked Angela.

"Your father knows what is best, my little one," replied the good mother, herself distressed on account of her charge.

Angela's father had written from Paris, stating that he had betrothed her to Monsieur Vidal, his New York business representative. And Angela, brought up under the nuns' care ever since her mother died, and knowing her father only from a hasty ten minutes' visit each year, never thought of refusing obedience.

Her father had hinted at some such thing on the occasion of his last visit to the convent. Now she was due to go to New York, to become the wife of a stranger. A wealthy man of her own nationality, but of whom she was completely ignorant.

Dutiful as she was, Angela might have accepted this position as being her part in life—except for the mysterious young man of whom she thought with a wonderful trepidation and heart-beating.

He had seen her when the girls walked out, two by two, under the patronage of the nuns. Angela had dreams. At one time he was an elderly patriarch with a snow-white beard and a shiny bald head; at another, an elderly business man with a severe, clean-shaven face; and at another, a gentle elderly man with a pointed beard. But he was always elderly.

When the message came that the mother superior wished to see Angela in the reception room, she nearly fainted with terror. But, controlling herself with an effort and many prayers, she went in.

A gentleman was seated beside the mother superior. And he was elderly. And he was a business man. And he was severe. And he had a pointed beard.

Angela looked at him in horror. Then she blurted out:

"I can't; I can't!"

"Can't what, mademoiselle?" inquired Monsieur Vidal.

"I can't marry you," she sobbed.

"Am I so homely, then?" inquired the elderly gentleman, whose face softened wonderfully as the twinkle came into his eyes.

"I don't know you," wept Angela.

The mother superior, who had risen to her feet, seemed about to intervene, but the gentleman checked her with a gesture.

"I think, mademoiselle, that it is your wish to obey your father's instructions," he said, the twinkle disappearing.

Angela raised her head and looked at him fixedly. "Yes—if I must," she murmured.

"Then," said Monsieur Vidal, "as time is pressing, I will take you away as soon as your trunks are packed."

Angela staggered from the room. The mother superior with one arm about her, tried to console her.

"It is a shock," she said, "to have one's future husband on the day of one's marriage, for the first time. But it may not be so terrible as you suppose, my dear."

An hour later, when Monsieur Vidal paced the reception room impatiently, Angela appeared, looking like a strong illy. With ceremony Monsieur Vidal conducted her to his car. And they started, through the slushy snow, toward the parish church, either the bridegroom or the bride shivering and quivering, by the time across the fields.

Monsieur Vidal turned to Angela. "You do not relish becoming my wife?" he inquired gravely.

"Oh, yes," answered the girl. "Forgive me, monsieur."

"Monsieur?" queried the other. "Is it not your intention to call me my name of Alphonse, little child-to-be? But stay! Since I seem so terribly old to you, you shall call me papa."

"Yes," murmured Angela.

"Then let me Bear that name?"

"Yes, papa."

"It is sweet," said Monsieur Vidal, placing his arm about the girl. "And here we are at the church, my dear, and in a short hour you will be a bride. Do you feel more cheerful now, Angela?"

Angela gulped and looked. But she knew that if the young man with brown eyes were anywhere near she would fly for protection to his arms. Why could he not come now, to carry her off, like a fairy savior rescuing the princess from the terrible—and elderly—dragon?

He was there. He was there in the church, beside the mother superior, who was talking to him in grave tones, and as Monsieur Vidal and Angela entered he came forward with an eager gesture.

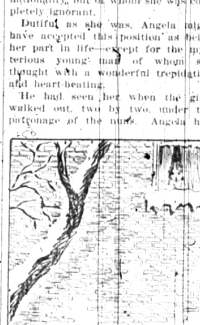
"Well, little one, and is marriage so terrible now?" asked Monsieur Vidal, with a smile. And as Angela looked at him in terror, he added:

"This is my son, your future husband, if you will take him, Angela. Yes, he is also Monsieur Vidal, and, wishing to see the wife who had been chosen for him, he has spent two weeks in the village, trying to discern you by my description from among the other girls. Will you have him, Angela?"

But there was no need to ask, for Angela's arm was drawn through the young man's, and he had given her her first kiss, and it is to be hoped, his.

"You are willing, then?" persisted Monsieur Vidal.

Angela turned a radiant face to him. "Yes, papa," she answered.



There Stood the Young Man Whom She Had Seen.

known that he was a stranger in the town. His eyes had seemed to seek her own and to hold them. She had thought of him more than she had dared confess to herself.

Then, a night or two later, a wonderful thing had happened. Angela had heard a low singing beneath her window. It was between Christmas and New Year, and intensely cold. She had thought it was a wandering singer from the village; nevertheless, she crept out of her bed and looked from the window. And there stood the young man whom she had seen. And he caught her gaze and blew three kisses toward her.

Angela, in terror, had run back to her bed, and hardly slept till dawn. And all next day she went about her work with a sense of constraint, a sense of fear, of terror and delicious joy that she had never experienced before.

The next day, when the girls went out, for their accustomed walk, she saw the young man again. This time his looks were so insistent that the sister in charge interposed herself between him and Angela, and frowned severely as she was able to. Angela was covered with confusion.

And on the following day her father's letter arrived.

Monsieur Vidal was to call for her in two weeks, and they were to be married in the parish church near the convent. Afterward he would take her to New York upon their honeymoon. The letter said nothing more about Monsieur Vidal.

Poor Angela pictured him in her

Enormous Pressure in Twigs.

Along with the formation of the sugar, and caused in part by its accumulation, there develops within the minute cells of the blueberry plant enormous osmotic pressures, which enable the plant to push its buds open, E. V. Coville writes in National Geographic Magazine. These pressures are frequently as high as seven atmospheres, or more than 100 pounds to the square inch—a pressure that would start a leak in a low-pressure steam engine. The pressure may become as high as 30 atmospheres, or 450 pounds to the square inch—a force sufficient to blow the cylinder head off of a thousand horse power Corliss engine. The reason the plant does not explode is because it is broken up into many extremely small and strongly built cells instead of having one big interior cavity. These minute chambers are often its thick-walled proportionately as an artillery shell.

HIS BRIDE CHOSEN FOR HIM

Moravian Custom That Surely Worked Something of a Hardship on John's "Mary."

It was in the early pioneer missionary days in Indian territory. John was sent forth to one of the hard fields. He would have to be "tried out" before he could be given the work permanently and before he would be permitted to marry.

After he had been assured of his position he wrote to his sister asking her to ask Mary, an old sweetheart of his, if she would be willing to come out and marry him. She replied that she would gladly go, for she had "long loved him."

In the meantime John received a letter, the shape of which told him that it was an announcement of a marriage. These oddly shaped envelopes were used by the Moravians in announcing a marriage. John said to himself, "I wonder which one of my friends is to be married." On opening the letter, what was his amazement at finding it was an announcement of his own marriage to a girl he had never seen.

This used to be a custom of the Moravians—choosing a bride for one of their missionaries, and the man was supposed to abide by the choice, even though he had never heard of or seen the girl.

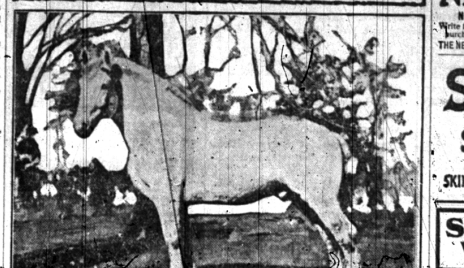
Strange as it may seem, John accepted this arrangement without complaint. When the "doctor cousin" of the friend who told me this story said to John, "How will you know which is your bride when she steps from the train?" John quickly answered, "Do you not think I would know my wife?" And sure enough, when they went to the train the next day and the passengers alighted John walked straight to a woman, and it proved to be the right one.

There was a little wedding at the doctor's house, but nothing was said of Mary, the frail little woman who would have gladly borne the hardships for the one she loved.—Chicago Tribune.

Nut Tree Slow in Bearing.

The Brazil nut tree does not begin to bear until it is fifty years old.

BETTER LIVE STOCK YIELDS MORE PROFIT



PUREBRED STALLION "HONORABLE."

(By S. T. SIMPSON, Missouri College of Agriculture.)

"Use purebred sires," is the slogan by workers at the Missouri college of agriculture as a partial reply to several questions as to how they can make profits on increasingly expensive land, labor and stock and efficiency of the methods used must be correspondingly improved if the live stock industry is to survive.

The slogan of the purebred sire is being sounded by Dean F. B. Mumford and others of the agricultural experiment station and college in the field and feed lot, from the chautauqua platform and on farm to farm trips through various counties.

For use in these campaigns a "prehendled" poster bulletin has been printed. That head says in red type, "Use Purebred Sires," and beneath this head are brief statements of the careful tests of the experiment station and the common experience of Missouri farmers which agree absolutely on this point. The station got much bigger profits by using a fair purebred mutton ram and a common ewe than it could afford instead of a scrub ram. They were used on western ewes which were equally good so far as the best judges could tell. From such a ewe the fairly good purebred mutton ram got a good lamb which weighed 60 pounds and sold for $7.35 when three months old, but the scrub ram got from a similar ewe a poor lamb which weighed 50 pounds and sold for $4.50 when four months old. Fletcher Smart of Harrisonville, Mo., used a good purebred boar on some average sows and got 60 good pigs which reached an average weight of 270 pounds and topped the Kansas City market at eight months.

Purebred Sire Means:

1. Uniformity.
2. Individual superiority.
3. Early maturity.
4. More marketable stock.
5. More ragu. More your feed.
6. Credit to the owner.
7. Bigger profits.

Scrub Sire Means:

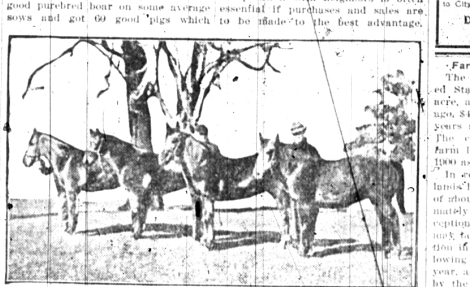
1. Lack of uniformity.
2. Mongrels and misfits.
3. Late maturity.
4. Poor market demand.
5. Less money for your feed.
6. Discredit to the owner.
7. Loss and dissatisfaction.

These are some of the facts indicated by the poster which explains why a survey of the live stock producers shows that those who are producing the good stock are the ones who stay in business when so many others are dropping out.

From the breeding standpoint the important steps are (1) the use of tried purebred sires, (2) proper feeding of breeding animals, (3) careful culling of barren and poor-breeding females, and (4) replacing culls with the best females in each season's produce.

Since it costs little or no more profits to produce an eight-cent steer than it does to produce a five-cent steer, the profits to be derived from producing live stock on corn belt farms is limited by the quality of the animals. Good sires must be secured and the herd must be carefully culled.

Last but not least, the marketing problem must be carefully handled. Co-operation with neighbors is often essential if purchases and sales are to be made to the best advantage.



FOUR OF "HONORABLE'S" FILLY FOALS.

COVERED TOP MILK PAIL RECOMMENDED

Many Farmers Have Never Thought of Real Advantages of That Kind.

(By C. E. BURNS, Dairy Department, Oklahoma A. and M. College, Stillwater.)

Those who are not accustomed to using a covered top milk pail have probably never stopped to think of what real advantage such a pail may be in the production of clean milk. By a covered top pail is meant a milk pail so constructed that it has only a small opening in the top, the rest of the top being covered with metal of which the pail is made.

The chief advantage of such a pail is that of preventing dirt and hair from falling into the milk. As the old saying goes, "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." This is surely one place where the saying holds true. Dirt and hair mean bacteria in the milk and bacteria cannot be strained or filtered out. Bacteria are always more or less injurious to the quality of the milk and to all milk products. This means a lower price for the milk, and eventually a lower price for the milk products. But this is not all. Dirty, bacteria-laden milk products oftentimes are quite injurious to health, and especially the health of children.

Of course a great deal depends upon the milker as to whether or not the milk is clean or dirty, but under average conditions, other factors being equal, covered milk pail with an opening six inches in diameter stands only one chance in four of catching a hair or other foreign material that is 12 inches in diameter would. In other words, a pail with a six-inch diameter will catch only about one-fourth as much dirt and hair as a pail with a 12-inch diameter.

Destroy Caterpillar Nests.

Destroy tent caterpillar nests by drawing through them a wet rag saturated with kerosene. Another way is to load a shot gun with a heavy charge of powder, eliminating the shot, and shoot it into the nest.

Wheel Hoe Is Big Help.

A wheel hoe is a great help, but it really is the work of a man or stout boy to run it. With one at least five times the ground may be worked over in the same time as with a common hoe.

JUDICIOUS SYSTEM OF INTERCROPPING

Cultivated Orchard More Profitable Than Neglected One—Fillers Are Favored.

A cultivated orchard is more productive and consequently more profitable than the average orchard which is neglected or in which grass or hay is grown.

"In the young orchard a judicious system of intercropping may be practiced without causing injury to the trees and at the same time profitable crops will be produced in the waste space between the rows," says F. S. Merrill of the Kansas State Agricultural college. "Sufficient space should be left on each side of the tree to permit thorough cultivation of the tree rows. As a general rule, the roots of the tree extend beyond the outer ends of the limbs. A strip may be left proportionate in width to the spread of the branches.

"One of the most familiar types of intercropping can be found in planting fillers between the permanent trees, and often between the rows. The peach or some type of early maturing apple can be used for this purpose, but in most cases the grower will not remove the fillers until they have attained such size as to have interfered with the permanent trees."

WEIGH MILK FROM EACH COW

Total Amount of Butter Fat Produced During Year That Dairymen Gets Paid For.

All dairymen should weigh the milk of each cow at each milking and test for butter fat at certain set intervals. It is the total amount of fat produced during a year, not the average per cent fat the milk tests, that the dairyman gets paid for.

Distance Between Plants.

The usual distance between tomato plants is four feet, but in the small garden this is a waste of space. By training the vines on trellises or merely tying them to stakes they may be set two feet apart.

Oats and Peas for Feed.

After the oats and peas which were sown for green feeding have begun to harden, if they are cut and cured like hay the stock will eat them in cold weather very heartily. Plenty of goodness in them.

Value of Vacation Recognized.

Pleasure, says Edmund Burke, is the absence of pain. Similarly, a vacation is the absence of work. Joseph Choate used to say that his vacation was the interval between his asking of a question and the witness' answer. But the oldsters who used to make it a point of pride that they "never took a vacation" in their lives, instead of making the rest of us feel like apologetic siclings as they used to do, now get only a pitying, "Think-of-you-the-fun-you've-missed." We are reminded of the fabulous monster in the side shows of which the barly-boo man barked: "This is the laughing gyrasticutus, drinks only water and eats only twice a year. What he's got to laugh about I don't know."

Wildflower Preserves.

The United States government, in unison with various horticultural societies, is taking an interest in directing attention to the necessity of conserving wild flowers of the country. With the rapid clearing of the woods, the disappearance of the old-time rail fences and more land within the nation's arable area, the flowers of meadow and forest are threatened with extinction. Some have been brought into cultivation in gardens, but the true natives of the forest, resisting domestication, do not thrive, and those that can be provided for outside of the surroundings natural to them are few. The authorities therefore advise that certain wooded areas be set aside as wild flower reserves, and that all lovers of nature take care not to destroy wild flower plants unnecessarily.

"Honest Iago!"

"Men of the type of Iago are morally color blind," said Sir Herbert Tree, actor and manager. "They traffic with intrigue. "With them this mode of self-advancement has no ugliness. The study of their lives is social success; popularity is their religion! The voice of the people is louder than the voice of God! With them, there is no brainsickly misgiving as to the means by which they attain their ends. They go through life slapping their fellow men on the back, everywhere making friends, taking care nowhere to make enemies."

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Farm Lands Increase in Value.

The value of farm lands of the United States is estimated at $43.55 per acre, as compared with $40.85 a year ago, $40.31 two years ago, $38.10 three years ago and $36.23 four years ago. The census reported the value of farm lands in 1910 as $32.46, and for 1900 as $15.57 per acre.

In recent years the value of farm lands has been increasing at the rate of about 5 per cent a year, or approximately $2 per acre per year. The exceptional increase of the past year may be explained partly by the reaction in the southern cotton states following a temporary depression last year, and partly by the stimulus given by the war to prices, particularly of grain.

Important to Mothers
Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher
In Use for Over 30 Years.
Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Just Once.

"Van Skinn is an awful tightwad. I don't suppose he has ever been known to give a cent to charity."

"Oh, yes, he has. He gave a spaggers nickel to a blind man once, but only after he had made perfectly sure that he couldn't pass it on anyone else."

A magazine has been patented for carrying an extra load of tobacco along the stem of a pipe.

INSURE YOUR AUTO
Many automobiles have been stolen, a number burned up and a number of accidents have happened resulting in some costly suits.
Glen Gillespie, Assistant Prosecuting Attorney at Pontiac, had his automobile stolen. Thomas Cavanaugh, a prominent lawyer at Paw Paw, had his car catch fire while driving from Battle Creek home. Each had his automobile insured in The Citizens' Mutual Automobile Insurance Company, of Howell.
MR. AUTOMOBILE OWNER, should you have an accident whereby you ran into some person, or into some property, damaging it, even though you were not to blame, the injured party is liable to capitalize his injury and sue you for your money. If you are insured in this company, you will have the protection of 12,000 members and a surplus fund of $24,000.
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